King. With all my heart.
Prin. Then brother *Iohn of Lancaſter*,
To you this honourable bountie ſhall belong,
Goe to the *Dowglos*, and deliuer him
Vp to his pleaſure, ranſomleſſe and free,
His valoure ſhowne vpon our Creſtes to day,
Hath taught vs how to cheriſh ſuch high deedes,
Euen in the boſome of our aduerſaries.
King. Then this remaines, that we deuide our Power,
You Sonne *Iohn*, and my coſen *Weſtmerland*,
Towards *Yorke* ſhall bend you with your deereſt ſpeed,
To meete *Northumberland* and the Prelate *Scroope*,
Who, as we heare, are buſily in armes:
My ſelfe and you, Sonne *Harry*, will towards *Wales*,
To fight with *Glendower*, and the Earle of *March*:
Rebellion in this Land ſhall looſe his way,
Meeting the checke of ſuch another day:
And ſince this buſineſſe ſo faire is done,
Let vs not leaue, till all our owne be won.

Exeunt.

FINIS.